

# Oxford Democrat.

No. 50, Vol. 5, New Series.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, April 21, 1846.

Old Series, No. 7, Vol. 12.

## OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY

G. W. Allen,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:—One Dollar and Fifty Cents in advance. An advertisement inserted on reasonable terms.—The Proprietor not being accountable for any error beyond the amount charged for the advertisement. A reasonable deduction will be made for cash in advance.

Book and Job Printing  
EXECUTED WITH SPEED AND DESPATCH.

## FREE STORY TELLER.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

## THE EMBROIDERY-WORKER;

OR,

## THE TWO COUSINS.

A SEQUEL TO "THE FIRE-SCREEN."

BY J. H. INGRAHAM.

The unhappy embroidery girl, after descending the steps of her rich uncle's house, hastened first to an apothecary's where she purchased the needed medicines her father required. Thence she flew to a family grocery, where she got oranges, a lemon or two, and a few grapes—she could buy but few because they were costly; but she knew how a cool grape would refresh the fevered tongue. She did not forget a few ounces of nice green tea for her mother, nor a small paper of snuff. From the grocery, she took a course in the direction of a butcher's shop. Fortunately it was open, for it was not yet quite ten o'clock. She bought a chicken, and placed it under her shawl with her other little purchases. She did not heed the cold. She was too busy to know whether it was cold or not. Besides, she ran so hard from place to place, partly from fear at being out so late, and partly from a desire to return home to gladden her father and mother. No one insulted her. The very severity of the night was her protection; for the libertine street-provoker dared not venture abroad.

How her heart and lips blessed Michael, the kind Irishman, at every step she went homeward with her treasures!

She reached her humble dwelling, and entered it trembling more with joy than with the cold. If she could have seen about her with the eyes of her spirit, she would have seen that an angel entered with her: for the good and pure are ever thus attended.

She softly lifted the latch of the inner door. The flickering end of the penny candle was just expiring. Her mother still slept, not in the chair where she had left her, but her head resting upon the pillow with her hand in that of her husband. He was not asleep, as he heard her enter and looked around; but he had not moved lest he should disturb his wearied wife's repose.

He smiled on seeing her enter. She returned the smile with one of happiness, and laying down her bundles, quickly threw aside her shawl and hood. She first took a candle from one of the parcels, and lighted it at the expiring wick and then approaching her father, bent over him and kissed his hot and feverish cheek.

"Where have you been, Mary dear?" he asked with surprise.

"I have been to the shop with my embroidery. Did you finish it?" he enquired with animation.

"Yes, dear father! I stole out while you slept. See what I have bought. A nice chicken for broth: and here are four oranges and some grapes, and a great many things, besides your medicines. Then I have two dollars left!"

"God be thanked!" ejaculated William Redfield, with devout gratitude beaming from his sunken eyes, as he raised them to the Source from whence all prosperity comes to us. He believed that Mary had bought the things with the money she had received for her fire-screen. She did not deceive him. She was yet undecided whether she ought to tell him that she had been to his brother's. She feared that if she told him how his brother and her cousin had received her, he would be so much excited as to retard his recovery. She resolved, therefore to wait until he should be quite well; for now that she had bought so many things and was so rich she felt that he would begin to mend.

Edith awoke, and seeing the articles that Mary had purchased, she was for a few moments overcome with joy. She sank upon her knees, and blessed God with a fervor and sincerity that only can come from the lips and the deep heart of the needy when relief has been vouchsafed. How little do they reflect what deep joy a few dollars would create in a household like that of William

Redfield's! and there are in every lane and by-lane such families.

"Large charity doth never fail,  
But only whitens soft, white hands."

So long as the rich man knows that his neighbor is in want, his money is not his own. His rich furniture, his costly pier-glasses, his marble tables and luxurious draperies, are not his own. He may call them so, but he, of whom "Riches come and honors," does not.

"They are the poor man's till the poor man's need is supplied. The notes in the rich man's pocket book are not his while his neighbor the poor man is perishing for two-pence to buy a loaf of bread. *Mum and tum* have very different significations in Heaven from what they bear on earth.

William Redfield began to grow better apace. Mary received from Mrs. Curtis two dollars and a half, after calling for it no less than five times. The last time she called she noticed at the door a very showy equipage. Upon the panel was a lion's head surmounting a shield barred and quartered like a nobleman's. Under the shield were the letters P. R. very conspicuous. The carriage, though Mary did not know it, was Platt Redfield's. The arms he had selected out of any quantity in the book of heraldry kept in Tremont street. He had found a Baron Reidville's arms, and as this name came near his own and as the obliging herald book proprietor courteously said that in all probability the names was originally one and the same, he selected this; notwithstanding, in one of the quarterings was a thistle and other royal emblems, showing that the blood of the old Scotch Kings flowed in the veins of the Barons of Reidville.

Mary entered the Fancy store without being aware that the owner of that splendid coach was allied to her by blood. There was but one lady in the store when she entered, and she was at the farther extremity. Mary saw only that she was magnificently dressed in velvets and satins.

"So, what a pest this girl is!" exclaimed Mrs. Curtis, on seeing her. "You have come after your money again! There, take it!" and Mrs. Curtis took two dollars and a half from the money drawer and flung it down upon the counter towards her. Mary made no reply, but quietly took up the money, happy to get it even in that rude manner.

"Have you any more work for me, Mrs. Curtis?" she asked, doubtfully.

"No, nothing. You charge enormous. I can get fifty poor girls to work for half you do, and glad to get the chance. But, stop Miss, if you will work a pair of ottoman covers for a dollar a piece you shall have the job. They are for the rich Miss Redfield who is going to be married, and she will want them soon, shan't you Miss Redfield?" added Mrs. Curtis with a smile and a low courtesy to come one behind Mary.

The blood mounted quick and warm to Mary's cheeks. She knew that the richly dressed lady was her cousin. She did not wish to see her, and was gliding out of the store without turning round, when Mrs. Curtis continued in a loud tone, calling to her—

"Stop, Miss. I'll make a bargain with you when I have waited on Miss Redfield."

Miss Redfield! How strange the name sounded to Mary's ears—her own name, yet not her own—but that of a rich heiress! What a difference money makes in two names!

Mary paused, but did not turn round.

"This is the young woman that embroidered the fire-screen you admired so," said Mrs. Curtis to the heiress in a tone Mary could overhear.

"Indeed! who is she? Mary heard her cousin ask in a haughty tone.

"A Miss Redman, or something—a poor girl! I employ her out of charity! You don't know how I feel for the poor, Miss Redfield! You have no idea what a deal of good I do!"

"Young woman," said the heiress, approaching Mary, and talking as she advanced, "I am told you embroider. I have twelve chairs I want done in the most elegant style."

"Perhaps when you know who I am," answered Mary, with quiet dignity, turning towards her and meeting calmly her eyes, "you will refuse to employ me. Yet I am willing to do them."

Her cousin started back with surprise and confusion. Her eyes dropped before the pure, open expression of the beautiful needle-worker. Anger and hatred, deepened by envy, agitated her. She would have given vent to it, but she feared that Mary would expose her relationship! She therefore, with consummate tact and self-control, said, with a freezing smile—

"I believe we did not agree upon the price, young girl, when last you saw me. I will now pay you. You see, Mrs. Curtis," she added, turn-

"Rich and poor," a poem by Lowell, that reflects down upon his head and heart."

ing round to the shop woman with a nervous laugh, trembling lest she should suspect something; 'you see she refuses to work for me because she thinks I will not employ her again!'

'She ought to feel honored, Miss Redfield, even for you to notice her at all. But she is a forward thing. If you will leave the matter to me, I will bargain with her.'

Mrs. Curtis had an eye to the profits. For work that she would pay Mary a dollar for, she would charge Miss Redfield five or six, or more still, as her conscience would let her.

'Well I will pay her now what I owe her,' said she, taking from a jewelled purse a bank note. 'There, Miss, is a ten dollar note. I hope now we shall not have any further misunderstanding.'

'You owe me nothing,' answered Mary, surprised.

'Indeed I am right! You forget! Take it and don't be so foolish! There, take it, and go—that's a good girl!'

Mary at once saw through this strange proceeding. She understood, with her natural sagacity, that this was a bribe for her to be silent about the relationship. This accounted to her for her cousin's nervous embarrassment, her forced smiles and courtesy, and the feigned debt!

'No, I cannot take it,' answered Mary, firmly. 'Be not alarmed, Miss Redfield, I shall not betray you!'

The heiress looked chagrined—annoyed. She felt lowered in her cousin's presence. She could not reply. She lost her self-possession and haughtily bowing, passed her and left the shop.

'Run after her, Ophelia Ann, and give the fire-screen to the footman.'

Mary went out behind her cousin, and saw her stepping into her carriage. She saw Ophelia Ann approach with the screen, and overheard her cousin say quickly and angrily—

'Take it back! I shall not have it! Tell your mother to dispose of it at any price!'

'My poor fire-screen!' sighed Mary. 'How many a weary hour have I spent over that and now it is cast away—and by my cousin, too, because I worked it! Oh! if to be rich makes such hearts, may it be my lot always to be poor! I would not, humble as I am, change places with my rich cousin, as she rolls away in her coach, to have also her proud and cruel heart! I know that I am happier than she is!'

'How odd!' ejaculated Mrs. Curtis, as Ophelia Ann returned with the screen and made her report. 'They acted so strange, both of them! And to refuse ten dollars, the girl! I wonder what work she did, and when? They have had a quarrel, I know. How impudent that thing is! I wonder Miss Redfield condescended to speak to her!'

'I wouldn't employ her again, ma.'

'I won't, unless she'll work for half price.'

The carriage rumbled with slow and stately motion past Mary, and at the same moment she saw a very elegant foreigner, about eight and twenty, lift his hat quite off his head and bow and courteously smile to her cousin, as she passed by. To her surprise, as her eyes followed the bow, she saw that Frances returned it only by a haughty stare of surprise.

'How disagreeable she can be!' thought Mary. Her displeasure with me she has visited upon this gentleman, who looks as if he would sink with confusion!'

The young foreigner, who was a tall, dark complexioned man, with a fine carriage, and an air singularly gentlemanly, seemed by his manner to be surprised and pained at the reception his bow had met with. He looked around quickly and suspiciously, as a man naturally would do, at such a time, to see who had noticed his discomfiture. His eyes, in their range, met fully those of Mary, who was by no means intending such an encounter. He saw that, although she turned them away quickly and blushing, she was kindly sympathizing with him, rather than unfeelingly mitifful. The dark and mortified expression of his face changed instantly, as shadow is chased by sunlight, and he smiled gratefully, and bowed, as it were, in acknowledgment for her sympathy with his confusion. She walked on, her thought running partly upon her cousin and partly upon the handsome stranger who had been so treated by her, and who had been so grateful for her sympathy with him.

Don Francisco Herrera Casanova was a young Mexican gentleman, who had been exiled from his native country in one of the revolutions that have so often shaken Mexico to its centre. He had been received into the first society in Boston, being presented in the first place under the wing of the Mexican Consul. The Consul soon afterwards returned, having been recalled; but Mr. Herrera Casanova remained and held his position in society.

He was handsome, the son of a distinguished General, reported to be rich, and spoke the English language perfectly. He was intelligent, educated, fascinating, and his society was much sought; and the party that got the handsome Spaniard, as he was called, as a guest, got "a card."

Of course, Mr. Casanova had many pretty ladies setting their caps for him; for foreigners are in favor with our fashionable young ladies. Miss Frances Redfield was the most ambitious to find favor in the elegant Mexican's eyes. There was in her imagination something very distinguished in the idea of marrying a foreigner, and becoming a Donna. He was the son of a General, too. He might, perhaps, one day become a general himself! For rumor had it that he had served in the army and been in battles! Frances resolved that it would be better to have him than the aristocratic Virginian, Mr. Palmore. There was, as she said to her father, something more *distinguished* about it! Her father answered 'Yes, provided the Don is rich!'

Mr. Palmore was only a reserve lover—one of those forlorn hopes which belles and beauties keep in strings with the left hand, while they keep the other free to fish for some one who may do better; and then the reserve is given up!—But if there is no match turns up more suitable, then she falls back upon the forlorn hope. This is a game well understood by belles. It is surprising that any sensible men can be found to take part in it when the odds are against them. But they turn up every day or two, as every body knows.

Mr. Palmore was such a reserve. The heiress intended to marry him if she could not do better. So she put off the day. When Mr. Casanova appeared in the field, it seemed, for a few weeks, to be all over with Mr. Palmore. The Spaniard attended her in her walks—was even invited to a seat in her carriage once. She flirted with him at parties, and at length Mr. Palmore began to think either of shooting the handsome foreigner or himself.

But a discovery took place which rendered neither of these desperate steps necessary. Mr. Redfield made inquiries at the merchant's where Casanova banked his funds. The reply was that Mr. Casanova had been for some weeks without remittances, and had been pawning his diamonds, the money for which had maintained him for three months. The merchant said that he had held some considerable money subject to his draft, forwarded from a house at Vera Cruz; but as he did not know any thing how affairs would turn out in Mexico, and his estates and his father's being under confiscation, he feared that Mr. Casanova would soon be embarrassed!

Mr. Platt Redfield returned home and made report of these facts to his daughter, whereupon she resolved that a foreigner who is reduced so low as to pawn his jewelry, is beneath her notice. She promised her father not to speak to him again. The next day she cut him, as we and Mary have witnessed.

It was soon rumored abroad, through the heiress, that the handsome Mr. Casanova's finances had run low; and suspicion once taking wind, raised a tempest of indignation. Mr. Casanova found himself slighted, nay, openly insulted, by those who a day or two ago sought his notice. He was surprised. He knew not that he had committed any offence. Yet he was too sensitive to expose himself to further insult. He withdrew to his hotel. He was not suffered to be at peace here. His host sent up his bill, with a peremptory demand to have it paid. Mr. Casanova had but one diamond left. It was his mother's gift. He did not like to part with it to a money lender. His bill was three hundred dollars. The diamond was worth eight hundred. He knew he could not borrow half its value on it! He courteously asked his host why he demanded his pay so firmly. He was answered, because people said he had no money.

'A very singular reason,' answered Mr. Casanova. 'If I had money, then you might ask me to pay!'

'You are an impostor, sir—settle with me or go to jail!' cried the landlord, with brutal ferocity.

The apprehension of losing money, makes some kind of men demons.

'Send a pawn-broker to me,' said the Mexican, calmly, scarcely able to suppress his indignation.

The ring was delivered up, and the bill discharged. Mr. Casanova, seeing that evil reports had made him their subject, and resolved not to remain longer in a house where his feelings had been so grossly outraged, he resolved to retire to a private house, until his remittances, which had been unaccountably detained, should arrive.

He had still a hundred dollars left, which, with economy, he resolved should last him some weeks when, at least, he hoped to be relieved.

He saw advertisement which offered 'to a single gentleman a convenient room with a sofa-bed, on moderate terms, in a house where there is no other boarders.'

He went to look at the room. The house was a small but respectable looking tenement, on a pleasant street, but retired. The landlady was a widow, a simple, good woman, with two or three small children; and to eke out her income, she had advertised her 'best chamber.' Casanova was pleased with the location of the house, with the room, and with the lady. When she asked him for a reference, he quietly paid her down a month's advance; and this stamped him at once as an honorable gentleman. The same evening he removed to his new lodgings.

The next morning after he had breakfasted, his hostess knocked at his door.

'You will want washing done, sir?'

'Yes, Madam.'

'Well, as your linen seems to look so fine, I dare not undertake it myself, but I can recommend to you a nice, neat body, as I dare say will be delighted to get to do it.'

'Any body you recommend will satisfy me, I am sure.'

'How polite you are, sir. I will go and speak to the lady at once, sir.'

Mistress Townes threw her shawl over her head, and going out of the side door of her house, stepped into a little alley or foot passage way that went by her house, connecting the street with a lane in the rear. After going a few steps, she glided into a two story tenement, tripped across a cold, bleak entry, tapped at a door, and then entered. She was in the first room of William Redfield's house. William had got much better and was sitting up, and hoped in a week to be able to work. Edith was cheerful again, and singing as she mended a pair of mittens for him to wear. Mary was embroidering a pair of slippers of a very handsome pattern. She had bought the worsted herself, and hoped to sell them when they were done.

'Ah, William, I am glad to see you up again. It is hard for the poor to be sick. Mary at work with her needle! How pretty you are, dear! You ought to marry well, and you will make a good wife, too! Don't blush, I don't mean nothing!'

'Sit down, Mrs. Townes,' said Edith, politely handing her a chair.

'No, dear, no—I only came to see you in a business way, like. You see, I have let my best room to a genteel lodger. He is a foreigner, but a true and proper gentleman, as you will say when you see him; and he's handsome enough for Mary's husband! How the child colors up! Mary very naturally thought at once of the handsome foreigner she had seen two or three days before how to her cousin.

'Now I have come, dears,' continued good Mistress Townes, to propose you should do his washing, Mrs. Redfield. I know you are poor, and find it hard to get along. Now he soils a deal of linen in a week, and the washing would come to a pretty penny. I know you don't take in washing, and I didn't know but what you might be offended, but—'

'Not a bit, not a bit, Mrs. Townes,' answered Mrs. Redfield, warmly and heartily. 'I don't know any thing that pleases me more than this offer. You were very good to think of me.'

'Don't speak of it! Now that is settled!—Mary will come with the clothes after they are washed, and my eldest, Patty, shall bring 'em to me every Monday morning. Now good bye, dears. Be sociable, Mrs. Redfield, and Mary, I am always at home.'

With these words, the kind good body shut the door and returned to her house, happy that she had done a good deed in getting employment for poor Mrs. Redfield, and rejoiced that the important matter of her lodger's washing was so easily settled.

At the close of the next week, while Mr. Casanova was seated in his room, writing a letter in Spanish to a friend in Mexico, who had the care of his money, Mrs. Townes knocked at the door with the ends of her knitting needles, for she never had her knitting out of her fingers. Her lodger knew the knock, and said 'come in,' without ceasing his occupation.

'Don't be alarmed, dear,' said Mrs. Townes, as she opened the door, 'come in with the things—it's a parlor-sofa bed room only. Don't be frightened!'

'This was spoken in an under tone, but not so low but that Mr. Casanova could hear her, and understand that she was trying to prevail upon some one to come in.

'The ring was delivered up, and the bill discharged. Mr. Casanova, seeing that evil reports had made him their subject, and resolved not to remain longer in a house where his feelings had been so grossly outraged, he resolved to retire to a private house, until his remittances, which had been unaccountably detained, should arrive.

Don Francisco Herrera Casanova was a young Mexican gentleman, who had been exiled from his native country in one of the revolutions that have so often shaken Mexico to its centre. He had been received into the first society in Boston, being presented in the first place under the wing of the Mexican Consul. The Consul soon afterwards returned, having been recalled; but Mr. Herrera Casanova remained and held his position in society.

He was handsome, the son of a distinguished General, reported to be rich, and spoke the English language perfectly. He was intelligent, educated, fascinating, and his society was much sought; and the party that got the handsome Spaniard, as he was called, as a guest, got "a card."

Of course, Mr. Casanova had many pretty ladies setting their caps for him; for foreigners are in favor with our fashionable young ladies. Miss Frances Redfield was the most ambitious to find favor in the elegant Mexican's eyes. There was in her imagination something very distinguished in the idea of marrying a foreigner, and becoming a Donna. He was the son of a General, too. He might, perhaps, one day become a general himself! For rumor had it that he had served in the army and been in battles! Frances resolved that it would be better to have him than the aristocratic Virginian, Mr. Palmore. There was, as she said to her father, something more *distinguished* about it! Her father answered 'Yes, provided the Don is rich!'

Mr. Palmore was only a reserve lover—one of those forlorn hopes which belles and beauties keep in strings with the left hand, while they keep the other free to fish for some one who may do better; and then the reserve is given up!—But if there is no match turns up more suitable, then she falls back upon the forlorn hope. This is a game well understood by belles. It is surprising that any sensible men can be found to take part in it when the odds are against them. But they turn up every day or two, as every body knows.

Mr. Palmore was such a reserve. The heiress intended to marry him if she could not do better. So she put off the day. When Mr. Casanova appeared in the field, it seemed, for a few weeks, to be all over with Mr. Palmore. The Spaniard attended her in her walks—was even invited to a seat in her carriage once. She flirted with him at parties, and at length Mr. Palmore began to think either of shooting the handsome foreigner or himself.

But a discovery took place which rendered neither of these desperate steps necessary. Mr. Redfield made inquiries at the merchant's where Casanova banked his funds. The reply was that Mr. Casanova had been for some weeks without remittances, and had been pawning his diamonds, the money for which had maintained him for three months. The merchant said that he had held some considerable money subject to his draft, forwarded from a house at Vera Cruz; but as he did not know any thing how affairs would turn out in Mexico, and his estates and his father's being under confiscation, he feared that Mr. Casanova would soon be embarrassed!

Mr. Platt Redfield returned home and made report of these facts to his daughter, whereupon she resolved that a foreigner who is reduced so low as to pawn his jewelry, is beneath her notice. She promised her father not to speak to him again. The next day she cut him, as we and Mary have witnessed.

It was soon rumored abroad, through the heiress, that the handsome Mr. Casanova's finances had run low; and suspicion once taking wind, raised a tempest of indignation. Mr. Casanova found himself slighted, nay, openly insulted, by those who a day or two ago sought his notice. He was surprised. He knew not that he had committed any offence. Yet he was too sensitive to expose himself to further insult. He withdrew to his hotel. He was not suffered to be at peace here. His host sent up his bill, with a peremptory demand to have it paid. Mr. Casanova had but one diamond left. It was his mother's gift. He did not like to part with it to a money lender. His bill was three hundred dollars. The diamond was worth eight hundred. He knew he could not borrow half its value on it! He courteously asked his host why he demanded his pay so firmly. He was answered, because people said he had no money.

'A very singular reason,' answered Mr. Casanova. 'If I had money, then you might ask me to pay!'

'You are an impostor, sir—settle with me or go to jail!' cried the landlord, with brutal ferocity.

The apprehension of losing money, makes some kind of men demons.

'Send a pawn-broker to me,' said the Mexican, calmly, scarcely able to suppress his indignation.

The ring was delivered up, and the bill discharged. Mr. Casanova, seeing that evil reports had made him their subject, and resolved not to remain longer in a house where his feelings had been so grossly outraged, he resolved to retire to a private house, until his remittances, which had been unaccountably detained, should arrive.

He had still a hundred dollars left, which, with economy, he resolved should last him some weeks when, at least, he hoped to be relieved.

He saw advertisement which offered 'to a single gentleman a convenient room with a sofa-bed, on moderate terms, in a house where there is no other boarders.'

He went to look at the room. The house was a small but respectable looking tenement, on a pleasant street, but retired. The landlady was a widow, a simple, good woman, with two or three small children; and to eke out her income, she had advertised her 'best chamber.' Casanova was pleased with the location of the house, with the room, and with the lady. When she asked him for a reference, he quietly paid her down a month's advance; and this stamped him at once as an honorable gentleman. The same evening he removed to his new lodgings.

The next morning after he had breakfasted, his hostess knocked at his door.

'You will want washing done, sir?'

'Yes, Madam.'

'Well, as your linen seems to look so fine, I dare not undertake it myself, but I can recommend to you a nice, neat body, as I dare say will be delighted to get to do it.'

'Any body you recommend will satisfy me, I am sure.'

'How polite you are, sir. I will go and speak to the lady at once, sir.'

Mistress Townes threw her shawl over her head, and going out of the side door of her house, stepped into a little alley or foot passage way that went by her house, connecting the street with a lane in the rear. After going a few steps, she glided into a two story tenement, tripped across a cold, bleak entry, tapped at a door, and then entered. She was in the first room of William Redfield's house. William had got much better and was sitting up, and hoped in a week to be able to work. Edith was cheerful again, and singing as she mended a pair of mittens for him to wear. Mary was embroidering a pair of slippers of a very handsome pattern. She had bought the worsted herself, and hoped to sell them when they were done.

'Ah, William, I am glad to see you up again. It is hard for the poor to be sick. Mary at work with her needle! How pretty you are, dear! You ought to marry well, and you will make a good wife, too! Don't blush, I don't mean nothing!'

'Sit down, Mrs. Townes,' said Edith, politely handing her a chair.

'No, dear, no—I only came to see you in a business way, like. You see, I have let my best room to a genteel lodger. He is a foreigner, but a true and proper gentleman, as you will say when you see him; and he's handsome enough for Mary's husband! How the child colors up! Mary very naturally thought at once of the handsome foreigner she had seen two or three days before how to her cousin.

'Now I have come, dears,' continued good Mistress Townes, to propose you should do his washing, Mrs. Redfield. I know you are poor, and find it hard to get along. Now he soils a deal of linen in a week, and the washing would come to a pretty penny. I know you don't take in washing, and I didn't know but what you might be offended, but—'

'Not a bit, not a bit, Mrs. Townes,' answered Mrs. Redfield, warmly and heartily. 'I don't know any thing that pleases me more than this offer. You were very good to think of me.'

'Don't speak of it! Now that is settled!—Mary will come with the clothes after they are washed, and my eldest, Patty, shall bring 'em to me every Monday morning. Now good bye, dears. Be sociable, Mrs. Redfield, and Mary, I am always at home.'

With these words, the kind good body shut the door and returned to her house, happy that she had done a good deed in getting employment for poor Mrs. Redfield, and rejoiced that the important matter of her lodger's washing was so easily settled.

At the close of the next week, while Mr. Casanova was seated in his room, writing a letter in Spanish to a friend in Mexico, who had the care of his money, Mrs. Townes knocked at the door with the ends of her knitting needles, for she never had her knitting out of her fingers. Her lodger knew the knock, and said 'come in,' without ceasing his occupation.

'Don't be alarmed, dear,' said Mrs. Townes, as she opened the door, 'come in with the things—it's a parlor-sofa bed room only. Don't be frightened!'

'This was spoken in an under tone, but not so low but that Mr. Casanova could hear her, and understand that she was trying to prevail upon some one to come in.

'The ring was delivered up, and the bill discharged. Mr. Casanova, seeing that evil reports had made him their subject, and resolved not to remain longer in a house where his feelings had been so grossly outraged, he resolved to retire to a private house, until his remittances, which had been unaccountably detained, should arrive.

Don Francisco Herrera Casanova was a young Mexican gentleman, who had been exiled from his native country in one of the revolutions that have so often shaken Mexico to its centre. He had been received into the first society in Boston, being presented in the first place under the wing of the Mexican Consul. The Consul soon afterwards returned, having been recalled; but Mr. Herrera Casanova remained and held his position in society.

He was handsome, the son of a distinguished General, reported to be rich, and spoke the English language perfectly. He was intelligent, educated, fascinating, and his society was much sought; and the party that got the handsome Spaniard, as he was called, as a guest, got "a card."

Of course, Mr. Casanova had many pretty ladies setting their caps for him; for foreigners are in favor with our fashionable young ladies. Miss Frances Redfield was the most ambitious to find favor in the elegant Mexican's eyes. There was in her imagination something very distinguished in the idea of marrying a foreigner, and becoming a Donna. He was the son of a General, too. He might, perhaps, one day become a general himself! For rumor had it that he had served in the army and been in battles! Frances resolved that it would be better to have him than the aristocratic Virginian, Mr. Palmore. There was, as she said to her father, something more *distinguished* about it! Her father answered 'Yes, provided the Don is rich!'

Mr. Palmore was only a reserve lover—one of those forlorn hopes which belles and beauties keep in strings with the left hand, while they keep the other free to fish for some one who may do better; and then the reserve is given up!—But if there is no match turns up more suitable, then she falls back upon the forlorn hope. This is a game well understood by belles. It is surprising that any sensible men can be found to take part in it when the odds are against them. But they turn up every day or two, as every body knows.

Mr. Palmore was such a reserve. The heiress intended to marry him if she could not do better. So she put off the day. When Mr. Casanova appeared in the field, it seemed, for a few weeks, to be all over with Mr.



"No; take them in to him, if you please. I will wait here for the money, Mrs. Townes," said a musical voice.

Mr. Casanova rose, opened the door, and beheld standing with his hostess the lovely girl who had sympathized with his discomfiture, and whose face he had often since thought upon. He recognized her at once. He bowed, and Mary blushed deeply, and drew back with mingled emotions of surprise and pleasure.

"It is the handsome Mary Redfield, sir. She has brought your clothes; but she is so bashful she wouldn't bring them in herself. You see, dear Mary," she added, turning to her, "he is a gentleman, and won't frighten a body, if he is a foreigner!"

"Redfield! Is it possible!" thought Casanova; "what a likeness! Yet there can be no relationship!"

He stood before her, gazing upon her with admiration, and unconscious that he was doing so, until he saw her turn away with embarrassment.

"You see, sir, how nice your things are done up! They look like snow! Her mother is a notable, neat woman; but I expect Mary did the ironing and nice plaiting!"

"Is it the mother of this young lady whom you have engaged to do my washing?" at length asked Casanova, with surprise.

"Yes; how many pieces did you send? Oh, here is the list—twenty-seven—two dozen and a quarter. Just—"

"Never mind, Mrs. Townes. There, Miss, is the pay for the washing," said Casanova, looking as if he hardly knew how to pay money to such a beautiful girl. And he placed, with a polite and kind air, a sovereign in her hand.

"I cannot change it, sir," said Mary, without looking up to meet his dark and handsome eyes.

"I do not wish you to. Every week I have resolved to pay this sum for my washing!"

"I cannot take so much, sir!"

"Take it, dear—he is rich! Take it, it will please him," said Mrs. Townes, aside to her.

"I may not receive more than the bill," replied Mary, firmly. "You will oblige me by changing it, Mrs. Townes."

"What a queer girl! Well, perhaps you are right. One shouldn't be under obligations for favors to strangers, specially pretty young girls to handsome gentlemen," said Mrs. Townes, looking at her lodger, and laughing good humoredly. And, drawing a purse from her pocket, she changed the gold piece for her.

Mary then took her leave, quietly saying good morning to him. He would have escorted her to the door, but she ran rapidly down stairs, and was soon home.

One would have to count far above a hundred to enumerate the number of times she thought of the handsome Mexican that day, and he of her. Her heart had never been interested in any gentleman. Her humble station, her modesty and purity, had kept her aloof from the contact of miscellaneous society. She was one of those flowers which bloomed and blushed unseen. All men were alike indifferent to her, until she met the eyes of Casanova, when he bowed to her cousin, and met with such a rebuff. His image dwelt in her thoughts, and although she laughed at herself twenty times in a day for thinking of one whom she had seen but once and might never see again, yet still she would think of him in spite of herself; and the more she thought of him, the more deeply her feelings became interested.

It will be recollected how she started and became confused when Mrs. Townes spoke of the handsome young foreigner that lodged at her house!

She had taken to him the linen, but not without a struggle whether to do it or not. She did not, as a modest maiden, like to go to a gentleman's room on such an errand, but she had a strong and painful curiosity to ascertain, by seeing him, if he was the same person she had seen bow to her cousin. Curiosity prevailed, but ere she got to the door, her courage deserted her, and she shrunk from seeing him lest it should be he, and her motives should be misconstrued by him. So sensitive ever is virgin delicacy!

For three days Casanova could not get the beautiful daughter of his landlady from his mind; nor did he then, but sent for Mrs. Townes to come to his room.

"Well, Mr. Cossynov, did you wish to see me?" she asked, coqueting, and smoothing her cap in front, and arranging the bow a little beneath her chin.

"I want you to tell me who this young and lovely creature is!"

Mr. Casanova had lying before him a book on the page of which was the picture of Queen Bess at the age of sixty. Mrs. Townes thought he meant the picture, (for as she was not in love with Mary Redfield, she was not in all her thoughts,) and looking over his shoulder, exclaimed—

"La me! if you call that young and lovely, what do you call old and ugly, Mr. Cossynov?"

"I do not mean this—I mean the washer-woman's daughter! Didn't you say her name was Mary Redfield?"

"Oh, yes! She is a beauty! Why didn't I guess who you meant?"

"She is just as you saw her—lovely, virtuous and good! There isn't in all Boston her equal in heart no more than in face! Her rich cousin the heiress, isn't half so handsome and I know she isn't so good!"

"Is it possible Miss Redfield is her cousin—the rich Miss Redfield?"

"Yes—own cousin, though I didn't know it till day before yesterday, when, as I was talking with William, her father, an honest, hard working man, he told me all the story. The two brothers started in life even, but one took fortune and went down, and the other took merit and went up. So one is rich as Dives in the Bible, and his daughter is a proud heiress, and the other is poor as Lazarus, and his daughter is an

embroidery-worker. The rich family have not spoken to the poor family for years, and scorn them; and William is to independent to apply to his brother for aid, though he needs it, for he is sickly. Your washing was a great blessing to them!"

"I was at once struck with the likeness to Miss Redfield!"

"Then you know her?"

"I did. I was pleased with her. I could have loved her, but for something. I know not what, that was repulsive in her, with all her beauty. That something I now know. It was pride and selfish ambition. But all that she lacked to win my heart I have discovered in her humble cousin. She has all Miss Redfield's physical beauty, with the additional expression of a pure, Heavenly spirit!"

"I am so glad to hear you speak so of Mary."

"I should like to become better acquainted with her, Mrs. Townes. I am deeply interested in her! But she is so shrinking and seemingly afraid of me!"

"I will get her here to tea to-morrow, and her father and mother. You shall see them all three. You can get a chance of talking with Mary—I'll see that you shall!"

"You are my best friends, Mrs. Townes!" answered Casanova, with delight.

"The next evening William and Edith came with Mary, to take tea with the good Mrs. Townes. The former were pleased with the kind and amiable manners of the lodger and his polite attention to their wants, made them feel perfectly at their ease, and won their hearts."

said but little to Mary; but whenever he did speak his words sent a thrill through her heart; and when, by chance, she met his eyes across the table, their glances penetrated to her soul.

Mrs. Townes had sagacity enough to see how matters stood, and that Mary was quite as much in love with her handsome lodger as he was with her; though she showed it only by an air of shrinking timidity, looking like an alarmed fawn ready to fly at the slightest sound, while he manifested it by looks of tenderness and the most loving devotion.

At dusk, William said he must go home for fear of the rheumatism. Edith rose to accompany him, and so did Mary; and Mrs. Townes insisted on Mary's staying, to play a game of backgammon with Mr. Cossynov, and as Mr. Casanova urged the request, they permitted, and she blushing yet pleased, consented.

It was one of the happiest evenings of her life. They were alone (good Mrs. Townes!) two hours, not playing the game of backgammon, all the while. Casanova played at a deeper game—the game of hearts! When the nine o'clock bell struck, Mary was amazed, and said to Mrs. Townes that she had no idea that it was after eight! Mrs. Townes quietly replied—

"I dare say, dear!"

Casanova walked home with her, not by the alley, as it was too narrow for two to walk side by side, but round the square by the streets. At the door she suffered him to press his lips to her hand, and then hastened in, her heart over full of happiness. Oh, love! what joys, unwritten yet and ever will be, dost thou pour into the young heart! Thou canst create a paradise in the soul that mocks Eden!

#### CONCLUSION.

Seven years have elapsed since the scenes of the foregoing part of the story transpired.

There has been in the meanwhile two revolutions in Mexico. At length a permanent government seemed established, and the United States sent an accredited Minister to reside there.

The President of Mexico had appointed a certain day on which to receive the Foreign Ministers and the whole corps. It was to be an occasion of unusual splendor. The National Palace was to be the scene of the reception, which was to terminate in a ball the most select and elegant of its kind.

The beauty and accomplishments of the wife of the President gave a highly cultivated tone to the Mexican Court that it had not had for years. Beautiful and refined and fascinating as the ladies of Mexico were, rumor had it that they were eclipsed by the charms and graces of the lady of the President.

The wife of an American Ambassador was in her hotel, preparing for the presentation and fete at the palace. She was arraying herself in diamonds, attended by two waiting maids and a Spanish maid of honor. The Ambassador was a woman of commanding beauty, but an air of pride, a look of passions, uncontrolled by love and kindness, marred the perfection of her features, which else were faultless. Her costume was magnificent. She loaded herself with jewels till taste was lost in the massive show and glittering of precious stones.

"You will surpass all at the palace, Senora!" said the Spanish woman, admiringly.

"Do you think I shall eclipse the President's, whom rumor makes so beautiful?" asked Frances Redfield, now Mrs. Palmore, the wife of the American Ambassador.

"No, Senora, not her Excellency, oh no! She is an angel!" answered the Spanish woman with natural enthusiasm.

"Umph! I am told she is an English lady!"

"No, an American, Senora!"

"Indeed! an American! I wonder where he could have married her?"

"To no use," responded the Spaniard.

"The hour of the levee approached. In a drawing room of the Palace, adjoining the reception room, walked the President to and fro, conversing with one of his cabinet. He wore a gorgeous uniform, and being one of the handsomest men in the Republic, tall and noble in person and yet not thirty-eight years of age, his appearance was calculated to command admiration and homage."

While he was yet walking and conversing from time to time smiling with that amenity and grace which becomes so well his fine face, the door of an inner apartment opened, and a lady entered. She was not yet twenty-seven, and in the prime of womanly loveliness. She was dressed with the most finished elegance in an azure velvet robe, looped up with diamonds, and upon her head sparkled a wreath shaped like a coronet. But he who looked on her face saw not the richness of her attire. It was a countenance setoph-

ically beautiful! Upon her pure brow reposed the calm serenity of a heart at peace; and gentleness and love, and fond affection of her husband, as she approached him, beamed from her eyes and illuminated all her countenance.

"Maria, mi-ata!" said the President, leaving the gentlemen and hastening to meet her with the warmth and sincerity of unabated love. "How charmingly you look! But you always are lovely. Shall we go into the reception room?"

"Yes, Francisco," she said, giving her hand to him, which he took and pressed to his lips with lover-like gallantry.

"I have a surprise for you!" he said, as they entered the gorgeous hall, where the officers of State were awaiting him, though none of the guests had yet arrived.

"What is it? Surprises are always awaiting me from your affection."

"It is no gift this time. Do you know that your cousin is in Mexico?"

"My cousin?"

"Yes, Mary. I three days ago received the credentials of the new American Minister. As soon as I heard the name, I suspected that it was Mr. Palmore, who married your cousin six years ago, a few months after we were married. I resolved not to say any thing to you about it. I have had a glimpse of the lady, and in her recognition the bells and heires to whom I owe myself; for if she had not refused to speak to me, I should never have caught your sympathizing eye—we should never have met!"

"Is it possible she is here! And must I meet and receive her to day?" asked his beautiful wife with a momentary emotion of alarm at the idea of meeting her.

"Yes, you are to see her, dear wife! And I shall enjoy your triumph and her confusion; for I am resolved she shall recognize to whom she is doing homage."

"I have no desire to triumph over her," answered Mary, with gentle charity.

"No, not with revenge! It is not in you. But you will triumph over her without any act on your part. She has only to be informed who you are."

It was a trying moment for the amiable and excellent Senora Casanova Herrera. She had no malice in her nature. She resolved to receive her cousin with a kindness that should spare her feelings. She had not been elevated in pride by her high position. She had loved and wedded the young exile, knowing only that she knew him to be true and good. She had not married him blindly, for William had made such inquiries at the Mexican Consul as satisfied him that the young stranger was an honorable man though then poor, from the confiscation of his estates. He saw that Mary loved him, and he gave his consent, and they were married about five months after Mrs. Townes received him as a lodger. But Casanova did not wed her to his poverty. Two weeks before he married, he received his withheld remittances, to a large amount. He did not go into society again at Boston, but took his wife to New Orleans, and thence to Cuba, after leaving William and Edith a comfortable competence.

Soon a revolution took place in Mexico. He was recalled, and returned to his possessions. He rose to prominence in the army. A second revolution drove him again into exile. He once more visited Boston. William and his wife were found happy and contented. He had heard every little while, of the movements of his son-in-law, in Mexico, and followed his rise with pride. Herrera Casanova and his wife went to Europe. After a few years' absence, a new revolution opened the republic to him. He hastened to Mexico. He was given a high command in the army; and shortly afterwards found himself at the head of the republic, and wielding its destinies, with the power of a dictator.

The guests began to arrive. The English, Russian, and French Ambassadors were present. The American Minister and his lady also came forward. When the heiress raised her eyes to the face of the lady of the President, who stood by her husband on the steps of the throne, her first emotions were those of envy at her matchless beauty—her next an indelible feeling of some painful recognition of her features.

She forgot for a moment her position, and stood abruptly gazing upon her with parted lips and fixed eyes. Mary saw her confusion, and kindly smiled to re-assure her, addressed some words to her touching her journey to Mexico and her gratification at seeing her. Frances made no reply. Her eyes had recognized in Herrera, the young foreigner whom she had insulted.

At the same instant the sound of Mary's voice caused her to recollect who it was she resembled so wonderfully.

"You seem to recognize me, Senora," said Casanova, with a slight smile of irony, yet not without losing his countenance and dignity of place. "When I was an exile in the United States, I had the honor of meeting you!"

The heiress felt as if she should sink with chagrin. She saw at once how premature had been her haughty treatment of the young foreigner; and that but for her pride and folly she might now have been his wife and in the rank of queens! How bitterly did she lament her conduct!

The resemblance of his lady to her poor cousin, continued each moment to trouble her. Casanova continued—

"Perhaps you may also have some recollection of Senora Herrera, my good and beautiful wife! I married her in Boston. Her name was Mary Redfield. She was not an heiress; but she had a heart that was richer in virtue and truth and heavenly charities than all the names of Mexico, or of the land."

"I see! I see it now! God has judged me, oh how fearfully!" she gasped. The color forsok her cheeks and she seemed ready to fall. The President would have caught her.

"No—no! I am well! Tell me, are you Mary Redfield? Say that you are not! Say that I am mocked by my fears!"

"I was Mary Redfield. I am now the wife of the President of the Republic," answered Mary, with dignity. "If you doubt still, you will see there the line—sister which I worked for you in the days when I was a poor embroidery-worker!"

When you repeated it because she work it—

Mary told me the history of it, and I purchased it," said the President.

"The Belgian Minister and lady," were announced by the usher in waiting. The tones were those of Michael and on looking quickly around, the heiress, to her dismay, recognized her father's former footman, who had been elevated to this station by the grateful Mary—the faithful attendant of whose husband he had been ever since her marriage.

"The lady of the American Minister gave way to the Belgian. The former did not go into the ball saloon, but immediately called her coach and returned to her hotel, the victim of sensations that cannot be depicted."

The next day the American Ambassador wrote home to be recalled, and two months afterwards, Madame Palmore left Mexico, having in the interval closely shut herself up from all society. Her pride had been signally overthrown, not by her own fall—for she had married above her sphere—but by the elevation of one whom she hated. Perhaps no retribution could have been more poetically just than for the proud heiress to behold her despised cousin thus elevated by her virtues alone to the throne of Mexico. The brightest feature in Mary's character, after all her excellencies, was that she did not have any triumphant feelings in her heart. Pity and sympathy alone held place there, as it would do in the hearts of all who like Mary Redfield, are true and good.

#### OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, APRIL 21, 1846.

#### THE ASHBURTON TREATY.

The todium of the "Notice" discussion in the Senate, has been somewhat relieved by the discussion of the Treaty by which Maine was robbed of near a third of her territory. We adopt the following just and severe remarks, upon the course and conduct of Mr. Webster, which we find in the Belfast Journal.

Mr. Webster rose to defend the treaty from the attacks which had been made upon it. He occupied the better part of two days—little time enough for the herculean task he had undertaken—and it is said it will fill some twenty-four large newspaper columns! We have seen as yet only brief abstracts of the speech and only know from these how the great negotiator has made out to defend his famous capitulation. Judging from the federal newspapers, with whom Webster's last speech is always the best, even though it should denounce a National Bank as an "obsolete idea," this speech was far as far as of any effort of Demosthenes, as the roar of Niagara is superior to the murmur of a rivulet; and it was also, of course, so clear and convincing, as to demonstrate to the most perverse minds, that the Treaty of Washington is a stupendous fabric of wisdom and patriotism.

Mr. Webster probably made a good speech—he is capable of doing so—and there was certainly great need of some explanations from him, if he would make them honestly and fairly. But all the sophistry and eloquence in the world, applied ever so adroitly to "make the worse appear the better cause," can never make that false which is true. It is true, as has been since proved by the humiliating of the British King himself, that our claim was a just one, to its whole extent; it is true that in giving up this territory, the State of Maine and the country were despoiled of the territory won by the revolution; it is true that the line of boundary is an extraordinary one, as the highlands, which are a natural boundary, were yielded wholly up, together with an enormous slice, several miles wide, of the level territory this side of them. Will any reasonable man argue that no military advantage was yielded by this extraordinary cession? These highlands can be made impregnable, and will afford a more secure fastness for the enemy, from which they may rally at pleasure, and ravage the comparatively defenceless level almost at will. For the cession, as Mr. Webster tells us, "of no military value," we gain the immensely valuable possession of Rome's point, a question, one thing, which has some bearing upon the matter, is certain, that Great Britain does not yield up military positions of the last importance to exchange for others of no account. Military men have certainly regarded this exchange, if such it was, as a ridiculous one, and any attempt to represent Rome's point as of any material importance, compared with that exchanged, as little else than presuming upon public intelligence. What he has to say of the boasted "free navigation of the St. John," we do not know, but it would certainly be as reasonable for him to expatiate on the "advantages" secured by this miserable bargaining, as upon those gained by Rome's point, through the sacrifice of territory much more valuable.

Mr. Webster, it appears, with all the "advantages" secured by the treaty, could not let it rest wholly on its own merits. He declares that Gen. Jackson and Mr. Van Buren both found the Boundary question one of great difficulty, and in fact above their capacities, they leaving the whole question worse than they found it—ergo, that his capacities as a negotiator are so much greater than theirs, as he solved the Gordian knot. But Mr. Webster should recollect that these statesmen possessed a certain knack of acquiring rather than of giving territory, whereas his forte is the other way. If their design was to yield the territory, we have no doubt they could have done it more to our advantage than Mr. Webster has succeeded in doing. As it is, it is no great proof of statesmanship to have solved questions by yielding every thing, yet Mr. W. yielded more to John Bull than was advised by the Dutch king. For this, Mr. W. has the effrontery to take great credit to himself! Has he also cleared himself of some imputations, seriously affecting his character for political honesty, by which he employed what might be termed bribery, to procure the assent of Maine and Massachusetts to the negotiation?

As to the McLean affair, the slave trade, and other matters, the subjects of negotiation at the time, it would be well for him could he make his agency in them satisfactory to the people. As it is, his treaty will stand as a monument of his degradation rather than his honor.

The Steamship *Uncolored* had not arrived the 10th.

Mr. Webster, in his two day's speech in vindication of the Ashburton Treaty, last occasion to assail Mr. Ingersoll, Representative in the House from Pennsylvania. In so doing he has "waked up the wrong passenger," and has raised such a storm about his ears as his friends will not be able to allay entirely. Mr. Ingersoll, in his place in the House, repelled the assault with dignity, and arrayed Mr. Secretary Webster before the country upon rather serious charges. He accuses him, while Secretary of State, of gross abuse of the secret service fund appropriated by Congress, and asserts that he expended, through the agents, part of that fund in corrupting the press for the purpose of accomplishing the Treaty of the North Eastern Boundary. Mr. Ingersoll introduced Resolutions, in substance embodying these charges, calling for papers and vouchers of the expenditures of this fund since 1841, which were sustained by the House. Some curious developments may be expected from this inquiry, and from the fluttering among the leading whig members, we conjecture they anticipate an exposure that will not rebound much to the credit of the "God-like," or of his party.

The latest news from England represents that some of the papers declare that their government will not accept the 49th parallel, and all accounts concur in representing the government as still active in increased naval and military preparations. It is an assertion that our government—the Executive and Senate—would assent to no treaty which would yield more than this. Under these circumstances, it is certain that affairs stand in a very precarious position, and peace is not rendered more secure by the entire neglect on the part of Congress to increase our means of defence, and be prepared, in a great measure, for an emergency that is not unlikely to arise. We can account for this strange neglect only on the supposition that many members, in their great fear of war, appear to regard the most judicious warlike preparations, as little less than the substance of war itself. The suggestions from the navy and war departments, of an increase of the army and navy, have been received with hardly the respect due to any unofficial recommendation. Members, the divisions in the Senate are encouraging British pretensions, and that power is arising as though it deemed collision as a matter of certainty. Where is all this to end? The "collected wisdom" of the Senate, we may be allowed to think, does not do much honor to the patriotism and intelligence of the country.

Our Gov.—At a meeting of the Democracy of New York City, held last week in reference to the pending election of Mayor—the following Resolutions were passed—

Resolved, That the Democratic Republican Electors of the city and county of New York, believe that one right to the Oregon Territory, to the latitude of 54-40, is clear and unquestionable; that the Notice should pass without any compromising qualification; that we will regard any compromise involving the sacrifice of a single inch as alike disgraceful and cowardly.

Resolved, That of the firm and unwavering faith of the President to the honor and glory of the Union, we have the most abiding confidence; satisfied that his recommendation to the Senate and House of Representatives, in this crisis of our national diplomacy, prove him to be a faithful sentinel of the democracy.

A letter from Ireland published in the Boston Pilot, thus concludes:

"The message of President Polk is regarded in Ireland with no ill will. Our press—which is, whatever it wants, a most faithful mirror of the Irish mind—regards it as a national defiance to England. We are inclined to think that England will not take up the gauntlet. But, if she does, there will be other questions to settle, as well as the Oregon question. We consider our fate perfectly clear to every inch of Ireland while you cry America for the Americans, we cry Ireland for the Irish; we will give a year's notice to quit the part occupancy of the Union, simultaneously with yours to terminate the partnership in Oregon."

A fact came out in the Senate yesterday, says the Washington Union of the 19th inst, which is of some consequence in shedding light upon the policy of the administration, and of removing from it every charge of apathy which has been made upon it. A query from Mr. Mangum, who addressed the Senate on the Oregon question, drew from General Cass the fact, that his resolutions in the early period of the session, looking to military preparations, were presented with the sanction of the President of the United States.

The New York Tribune, notwithstanding it is a whig paper, says that every American statesman should advocate the American side of the Oregon question.

New York Tribune! The Democrats carried their Mayor in New York, on Tuesday last, by a plurality of 5126 votes! Sixteen out of eighteen of the Wardens Democratic! Leonard, the Democratic Commissioner, is elected by 5000 majority. The vote for Michie, Democrat, was 22,124; Taylor, Whig, 15,651; Cozzens, Native, 8,205; Scattering 641. The Whigs have carried Albany and Buffalo.

Fire in Porter.—Between 11 and 12 o'clock on the night of the 1st inst., the store of Mr. B. S. Moody, Porter, Me., took fire and was totally destroyed. But very few of the goods saved. Insurance, \$400.

An exchange paper says, the best snuff in the world is a snuff at the morning air.

Human Glory.—Three arrived at Hull, England, not long since, a Dutch vessel, navigated by a man, his wife and four daughters, laden with the bones raked from the battle-fields of Napoleon, to be sold by the basket for growing turnips.



## OUR GO-AHEAD PRINTERS.

**TYPE SETTING TYPE FOUNDED.** The city of Boston must govern itself exceedingly well to have every inhabitant in the right place and doing his or her duty at any given time. But in the form of types from which our daily is printed, there are more separate pieces of metal than there are people, old and young, in Boston. Every one of them must be placed right end up with care, must have a clean face and not a hair of its head missing. If there is a single disorderly type, or an absentee, or one appearing with a battered face, the sheet is sure to reveal the disgrace. The intelligent reader will at once perceive that we have to mind our p's and q's, and that the wonder is, why we blunder so little, rather than so much.

A good many have been kind enough to admire the beauty of our dress. In return we will let them a little into the mystery of its "getting up." The Chronotype is printed from an improved description of type, which, though of exceedingly small size, is more legible and less expensive to the eyes than the larger print of many papers. Every one knows the beauty of English, and particularly Scotch typography. Ours is Scotch type made in America. To S. N. Dickenson & Co. we owe this great improvement, which the moment we can procure the right sort of paper from the manufacturer, will make our sheet as nice as if printed in London or Auld Reekie itself.

The improvement in type founding introduced by Mr. Dickenson, who now casts not only for himself but for sale, is two fold. 1st. In the cut of the letter. It not only has the good proportions of the Scotch letter, so delightful to the reader, but a durability which printers will know how to appreciate. This arises from the fact that the hair lines in the Scotch cut are always supported by a large base, and not, as is the case with the Yankee cut, so whittled down as to be knocked off by the least blow. The English and Scotch are famous for the substantial and durable character of their work, while the Yankees are scarcely less famous for making things that will "do for the present." This is true in their type founding. The Scotch type requires more time and pains in the finishing, but when once done it is there—able to stand the rough and tumble service, while our "do for the present" type, after a few beautiful impressions begins to come into public view, and even go a-broad with dirty face and dishevelled hair.

The hair lines are in fact that they may be rubbed off with the slightest violence. 2d. In the proportion or graduation of the different fonts. All of us know what a bad thing it is to be "out of sorts." This popular phrase is derived from the trouble of the printer when he lacks either of the letters or some of the "spaces" and "quads" which go to fill up between the letters, and which must be just the thing or they are nothing. Whoever is furnished with type by Mr. Dickenson will find the various fonts so graduated in size, that the "spaces" of one font will serve in case of need the purpose of "quads" in another. This is often a matter of importance and will save capital to the printers in a small way.

Some may wonder that an improvement so obvious as the first we have mentioned should not have been mentioned before. The reason is found not only in our Yankee propensity for getting up things in no time, but in the difficulty of getting the original patterns. The type is first cut in a piece of steel called a punch. The impression of this punch is taken in a piece of copper, and is called a matrix. To get up these punches and matrices is a matter of difficulty and expense, which those unacquainted with such operations cannot well realize. The workmen competent to the task are few, and the process is slow. To import them is difficult, on account of the unwillingness of the foreign manufacturer to part with what may put others on a level with himself, and the enormous duty, which our government has seen fit to impose in order to protect this branch of domestic industry against improvement. Dickenson and Co. have conquered these difficulties and it is no more than fair they should have the credit of an improvement which will soon be known by all men.

[Boston Chronotype.]

**ALBERT AND VICTORIA.** The present Royal Family of England consists of six persons; Alexandra Victoria, twenty-six years of age; and Albert Francis Augustus Charles Emanuel, her Royal husband, who is three months younger than his lady, the Queen. The eldest child will be five years old in November, and rejoices in the mildest appellative of Victoria Adelaide Maria Louisa. The next child is a boy, and will be five years old the 9th of November. He will be the king hereafter, if he outlives his mother, and the kingdom endures—the boy taking precedence of his sister, also younger. His name is Albert Edward, and his style the Prince of Wales. The second Princess Royal—two years old—is Alice Maud Mary. The Royal Prince, born the 6th of August last, is named Alfred Ernest Albert.

**READ THIS.** The Indiana Freeman says, that at a recent revival in the M. E. Church, at Marion, O. the usual invitation was given for mourners to go to the altar and be prayed for. Among those that went forward, was a colored woman—but neither priests, nor the accepted of Christ, nor those who sought God's mercy, could bear her presence and she was thrust from the altar.

An "Old man" writes to the editor of the Southern Miscellany, that "according to the twelve ruling days, there will be another dry season from March to November, 1846."

## STILL LATER FROM EUROPE.

By two arrivals at New York—the packet ship Adirondack and the Pilot Boat Wm. J. Romer—the former on Friday evening, and the latter on Saturday morning last, Liverpool dates to the 11th and London dates to the 10th ult. have been received.

The comments of the English Press on the refusal of the American Government to Arbitrate on the Oregon question were somewhat bellicose.

The Revolution movement in Poland had spread extensively, and a Government had been organized at Cracow. The latest advices, however, appear to indicate that the struggle of the unfortunate Poles for Freedom will prove unsuccessful.

Cotton had slightly advanced, and remained firm. The price of Wheat and Flour had improved.

The Tariff was still under discussion in Parliament, with a prospect of being speedily completed in accordance with the plans of the Ministry.

The correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot gives the substance of the recommendations from the four Captains of the Navy, viz: Morris, Warrington, Crane, and Shubrick, in reference to the necessity and manner of increasing the navy which was referred to by Mr. Bancroft, in a letter to the chairman of the Naval committee—dated January 14th as follows:

"They stated that the augmentation which it was believed the proposed objects imperatively required, would be the addition of three sea steamers, of the class of the Mississippi—of five frigates, and six sloop with steam propellers in aid of their sails; twenty eight coast steamers, of about 600 tons, with arrangements for moving along the coast with safety, to carry two heavy guns and eight or ten days fuel; twelve smaller coast steamers, calculated to carry one heavy gun for the navigation and protection of the sounds and passages which skirt the Southern Atlantic states, and those of the states bordering on the Gulf of Mexico; that one steamer be provided for the protection of Lakes Michigan and Huron, and twelve new sloops to be fitted with sails or with sails and steam combined."

The probable expense of this proposed additional force was estimated at about \$16,000,000.

**Kennebec Dam.** On Saturday, (11th) a portion of the Kennebec Dam, at this place, yielded to the water and gave way, making a breach of some 175 feet, so that the water in the pond above was speedily drained to a level with that below. The breach was made at that point in the dam joined to the old. It has always been questionable whether that point was impregnable. Operations have commenced, and the breach will be immediately repaired, in a manner to render the dam permanent. The work at the sawmills and machine shops, will of course be suspended for some six weeks; but confidence in the eventual success of this great enterprise has been in no degree abated.

**Mr. Winthrop's Pan.** The Baltimore American reports our representatives as replying thus to Mr. Ingersoll, who asked him as a man of truth, whether he had not said that he, Ingersoll, would be scared, "When a member demands any thing of me as a man of truth, he will not be likely to receive any answer whatever." [Post.]

**Appropriate.** The Washington Union, speaking of Mr. Webster's two days' philippic, says:—"It appeared as if the whole urn of Xantippe were emptied at once on the floor of the Senate Chamber."

A press and types have been sent to Oregon for the purpose of having a newspaper issued on that side of our continent.

A bill to abolish imprisonment for debt has passed the House of Representatives of Maryland by a large majority.

The New York Evening Post copies the official accounts of the late battle between the British troops and Sikhs in India, under the head of "English butchery," with the following comment: "Subjoined are the official accounts of a successful attempt at 'Christianizing' the barbarians of India by the missionaries that England is fond of making use of in the prosecution of her benevolent schemes. The reports of the affair are accompanied in the English prints by a great deal of exultation, and Parliament was so rejoiced over the matter, that a whole night was spent in congratulations and votes of thanks. The humane and tender hearted English people—the most advanced nation on the face of the globe—find their sensibilities greatly shocked when it is suggested that the United States means pecuniarily to spread the principles of republicanism over the whole western continent; but when British violence and rapacity, wading through an actual river of blood, lays waste to whole regions and butchers in the course of two or three days, over thirty thousand poor ignorant Sikhs, the act is extolled as a very master piece of policy and military combination."

**A Distinction.** Mr. Winthrop, in his defence of Mr. Webster, on Saturday, indignantly denied that that gentleman was the pensioned agent of the manufacturers, but admitted, "however, that his commercial friends had given him an annuity as a mark of respect, and as an evidence in which they held his services." That was all.

**Insufferable Insolence.** The Liverpool Courier of March 11, illustrates the predominant traits of British character, in the annexed paragraph:

"We fear that former concessions made to the Americans 'for the sake of peace' have produced much of the present difficulty. The expedient of sending an ambassador extraordinary, to yield to their most extravagant demands, has led them to believe that any thing may be obtained from us by bullying and bluster. Forbearance is thrown away on a people so inflated with notions of their power and importance."

A bill has passed the Massachusetts Senate to abolish the distinction between written and spoken defamation of character, which provides that every person who shall defame another by words, shall be punished by fine, or imprisonment in the common jail, or by both fine and imprisonment, at the discretion of the court.

The Montreal Courier closes an article on the relations of England, and the United States, with the following paragraph:

"We are told, however, that many individuals in town have received private letters from England in which it is stated, that it is understood to be the fixed determination of the British Government to yield no territory north of the River Columbia."

**BE CAREFUL THAT DEARER COUGH!** It is the warning voice of Consumption. Not be careful what remedies you use. Beware of all merely palliative medicines, which may relieve, but rarely cure. Use the Great English Remedy, Boechan's Hungarian Balsam of Life, and you are safe. This is the most perfect and admirable remedy known to the civilized world.

The officers and crews of the Cunard Line of Steamships running between Boston and Liverpool, are constantly supplied with this valuable compound. Indeed, it forms a standard article in the list of ship-stores and medicines, on board all vessels sailing from English ports to cold and variable climates.

Pamphlets respecting this Great English Remedy may be had gratis of MOSES HAMMOND, only agent in Paris.

## MARRIED.

In Canton, Wm. P. Bridgman, M. D., to Miss Dolphina K. Hayford. Mr. Ephraim M. Steadman, of Winthrop, to Miss Ann L. Whitney, of Canton. In Turner, Mr. Elbridge G. Brigham of this town, to Miss Apphia B. Benney, of Turner. In Livermore, Mr. Cyrus Chandler, of Bridgewater, to Miss Rosetta J. Gray.

## DIED.

In this town, 15th inst., of consumption, Mr. Amos Fuller, aged 44 years. In this town, at four o'clock yesterday morning, Miss Sarah P. Thayer, daughter of Col. Ebenezer Thayer, aged 40. This Jesus has called thee, dear sister, to go, And leave all thy friends, and these regions of woe; Thy soul he hath ransomed, he now takes it away To dwell in the mansions of glorious day. Where the song of free grace you forever will sing To Christ as your Saviour, your Prophet and King. In East Livermore, Waitstill, wife of Adam Wilbur, aged 45. In Salem, Mass, 5th inst., of Erysipelas, Mrs. Nancy Rust, aged 81 years, relict of the late Capt. John Rust, of Norway.



**Atlantic & St. Lawrence DAILY LINE.**

THE undersigned proposes to establish a DAILY LINE of Stages from PARIS to PORTLAND, to commence on the first Monday of May next. His Stage, leaving Paris daily at 4 o'clock A. M., will arrive at Portland in season to intercept with the boats and cars for Boston, and the boats Eastward, the same day, and leaving Portland daily at 7 o'clock A. M., will arrive at Paris at 4 o'clock P. M. By this arrangement the facilities for public travel will be greatly increased, as his line intersects with all the great thorough-fares in Maine, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire, and is on the direct route of the

**Atlantic & St. Lawrence Rail Road,** connecting the Metropolis of CANADA with LIVERPOOL and LONDON.

In return for the increased care and expense of the NEW ENTERPRISE, the proprietor only asks that patronage to which the magnitude of the undertaking and the responsibility incurred fully entitle him.

**PROBATE COURTS IN OXFORD COUNTY,** As established the second Tuesday of April, A. D. 1846.

At the Probate Office, in Paris, 1st Tuesday in January do do do 1st Tuesday in March do do do 2d Tuesday in April do do do 4th Tuesday in May do do do 4th Tuesday in June do do do 4th Tuesday in August do do do 3d Tuesday in October do do do last Tuesday in Nov. do do do At Waterford, on Monday preceding the 1st Tuesday in January. At Fryeburg, on Wednesday following the 1st Tuesday in August, and Thursday following the 1st Tuesday in January. At Belfast, afternoon of Monday preceding the 3d Tuesday in September. At Rumford, forenoon of 2d Tuesday in September. At Dixfield, afternoon of 2d Tuesday in September. At Bethel, forenoon of 3d Tuesday in September. At Turner Village, on Thursday following the 3d Tuesday in September.

**JOHN A. POOR,** COUNSELLOR AND ATTORNEY AT LAW, PORTLAND, MAINE.

He will attend the Courts in the Eastern Counties, and in Oxford County. OFFICE, No. 122, Middle Street, (recently occupied by Woodbury Store, Esq.) April 17, 1846.

## Public Notice.

THE Co-Partnership heretofore existing between the subscribers under the name and style of **Russ & Adams,** is this day dissolved by mutual consent. JAMES RUSS SAMUEL ADAMS. Woodstock, April 13th, 1846.

## PARTICULAR NOTICE.

ALL demands, either notes or accounts, due the above firm, must be adjusted with the subscriber who is duly authorized to settle the same. JAMES RUSS SAMUEL ADAMS. Woodstock, April 13th, 1846.

## Co-Partnership Notice.

THE subscribers have this day entered into Company under the name and style of **Russ & Whitman,** for the purpose of doing business as Merchants, and give this public notice accordingly. JAMES RUSS CHAUNCEY C. WHITMAN. Woodstock, April 13th, 1846.

## IN BANKRUPTCY.

BY virtue of a Decree of the District Court of the United States for the District of Maine, will be sold at

## PUBLIC AUCTION,

at Walker's Inn, in Peru, on Friday, the twenty-ninth day of May next at eleven o'clock A. M., the following described property belonging to the bankrupt estate of Arza Folger, late of Peru, in the County of Oxford, viz: All the right, title, and interest belonging to said bankrupt estate in Lot numbered three in Lunt's Grant, in said County of Oxford, and also the interest therein, the same being under mortgage to Silas Leonard, to secure the payment of five notes of land amounting in the whole to the sum of two hundred, twenty-five dollars and twenty-five cents, and interest thereon since the twenty-ninth day of December, A. D. 1835. Terms of sale—Cash, upon delivery of Deed. April 15, 1846. RUEUE WASHBURN, Assignee. 3w5d

## PROBATE NOTICES.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of April, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-six.

**John Leavitt,** Administrator, with the Will annexed, of the estate of **Israel Paul,** late of Livermore, in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased.

It was **Ordered,** that the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at said Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the fourth Tuesday of May next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register. Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register. At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of April, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-six.

**William K. Greene,** Executor in a certain last will and testament purporting to be the last Will and Testament of **John Greene,** late of Byron, in said County, deceased, having presented the same for Probate:

It was **Ordered,** that the said William K. Greene give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at said Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the fourth Tuesday of May next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last Will and Testament of said deceased.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register. Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register. At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of April, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-six.

**Thomas Hill,** Guardian of a certain **Cyprian Stevens,** Non compos mentis, having presented his first account of the administration of the estate of said Stevens:

It was **Ordered,** that the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at said Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the fourth Tuesday of May next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register. Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register. At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of April, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-six.

**Levi Brown & Levi Whitman,** Executors of the last will and testament of **Phileas Brown,** late of Waterford, in said County, deceased, having presented their account of administration of the estate of said deceased:

It was **Ordered,** that the said Executors give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at said Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the fourth Tuesday of May next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register. Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register. At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of April, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-six.

## Public Notice.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator of the estate of

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of April, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-six.

On the Petition of **Farum Jewett,** Administrator of the estate of **Phineas Woody,** late of Rumford, in said County, deceased, praying for License to sell the whole of the Real Estate of said deceased, as a partial sale would injure the residue, for the payment of the debts of said deceased and incidental charges:

It was **Ordered,** that the said Petitioner give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at said Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the fourth Tuesday of May next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register. Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register. At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of April, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-six.

**Ammon Bryant,** Guardian of **George Bryant,** minor child of **Jonathan Bryant,** late of Oxford, in said County, deceased, having presented his third account of administration of the estate of said father, and also a Petition for License to sell the whole of the homestead Farm of the late Father, as a partial sale would injure the residue, for the payment of the debts of said minor and incidental charges:

It was **Ordered,** that the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at said Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the fourth Tuesday of May next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register. Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register. At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of April, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-six.

**Joseph Dudley,** Guardian of **Charles Dudley,** minor son of **Abner Dudley,** late of said Paris, deceased, having presented his second account of administration of the estate of said minor:

It was **Ordered,** that the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at said Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the fourth Tuesday of May next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register. Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register. At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of April, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-six.

**John Leavitt,** Administrator, with the Will annexed, of the estate of **Israel Paul,** late of Livermore, in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased:

It was **Ordered,** that the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at said Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the fourth Tuesday of May next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register. Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register. At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of April, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-six.

**William K. Greene,** Executor in a certain last will and testament purporting to be the last Will and Testament of **John Greene,** late of Byron, in said County, deceased, having presented the same for Probate:

It was **Ordered,** that the said William K. Greene give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at said Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the fourth Tuesday of May next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last Will and Testament of said deceased.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register. Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register. At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of April, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-six.

**Thomas Hill,** Guardian of a certain **Cyprian Stevens,** Non compos mentis, having presented his first account of the administration of the estate of said Stevens:

It was **Ordered,** that the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at said Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the fourth Tuesday of May next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register. Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register. At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of April, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-six.

**Levi Brown & Levi Whitman,** Executors of the last will and testament of **Phileas Brown,** late of Waterford, in said County, deceased, having presented their account of administration of the estate of said deceased:

It was **Ordered,** that the said Executors give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at said Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the fourth Tuesday of May next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register. Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register. At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of April, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-six.

**C. W. WALTON,** DINE FIDELITY, M. & L. W.



